

Portal: Dry Dock 7

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Summary: Joe is just a ordinary guy, working on something extraordinary for Aperture Science. That is, until everything goes horribly wrong. *spoilers!* Rated T for intense sequences of violence and peril.

1. Chapter 1

Alright! This is my first Portal based fiction. I wanted to write this one almost as a prologue to my next HL story. Enjoy!

_Disclaimer: I do not own Portal or Half-life or Valve. It's just not happening. _

****Portal: Dry Dock 7****

"Joe!"

Allison Cramsey tapped her foot impatiently on the wood-paneled floor, waiting for a answer. After a few seconds of silence, she shouted up the stairs again.

"Joe! It's time to get up! You're gonna be late!"

A small thump could be heard; signaling that Joe had just fell out of the bed. Allison smiled, thinking about how her husband was anything but a morning person. She returned to the kitchen, setting out a plate of toast onto the dinner table.

Joseph Cramsey slowly descended down the stairs, squinting at the bright morning light. A yawn finally dawned from his mouth as he turned into the kitchen. His wife turned and let out a small chuckle. Joe was a vision of loveliness: dirty white T-shirt, plaid pajama pants and hair that only a mother could love. He shuffled closer to Allison wrapping his arms around her hips and gently kissing the soft neck.

He whispered a "Good morning" before shuffling towards the table, grabbing a piece of toast. Alli filled his glass with orange juice before sitting down herself. She let out a small sigh, attracting Joe's attention. Her eyes gazed into his. Finally, Joe gave in.

"Alright," His eyes full of amusement. "I'll bite. What? What is so important that you have to interrupt the man's breakfast?"

Alli laughed. Joe's heart always melted every time she laughed. It was her crowning attribute and he always seemed to fall in love with her each time she did it. The chuckles died down, allowing Allison to elaborate on her strange behavior.

"Do you remember what day it is?" Joe could detect mirth in her voice. He leaned back in his chair with arms folded, trying to remember the importance of today. Nothing came to mind.

Alli waited, but no reply came. Instead, she answered the question.

"It's my mother's birthday."

Joe rolled his eyes. "No wonder I forgot about that."

"Hey!" Alli grabbed a piece of scrambled egg, throwing it at her husband. "Be nice! Anyway, we need to send her something."

Joe was too busy laughing to hear the last comment. "I'm sorry?"

"We need to send her something." She repeated, annoyance tugging in her tone.

"What are we going to get her?" He replied, laughter still remaining in his voice.

"Well, we don't actually have to send her something." Alli became nervous. "I was thinking we could fly her over here for a few days."

She watched as Joe's jaw dropped slowly. "Honey! We can't bring your mother over here! Look outside. It's like the worst season in England." Outside, the sky looked horrible. It was painted with gray clouds, not even allowing a drop of sunlight to pass through. The weather had been the same for weeks now and looked as if it was going to stay that way for a while.

"Besides," He continued, still shocked. "Have you seen the prices of tickets now? It costs a fortune to fly somebody from America to here." As if to end the conversation, Joe bit into his toast and picked up a nearby paper. Allison wasn't done with the subject.

"Joe," she called out, her voice soft. She stood from her chair, making her way next to her husband slowly. She then leaned her face in close, only a few centimeters from his own. Joe sipped some juice from his glass, trying to ignore the gorgeous woman who was intent on achieving his attention. Alli called out again, even softer this time.

"Joe." She leaned in, pecking his cheek with a kiss. That was all she had to do. The agitated husband rolled his eyes, reluctantly giving in to her feminine charm.

"Fine. We'll get your mother over here."

He was rewarded with a big grin and hug. Alli jogged out of the room calling out "I've got to call her!"

She disappeared for a second, allowing Joe to eat in peace. It was short lived when Alli poked her head back into the kitchen.

"Um, you do know its fifteen after seven, right?"

Joe cursed under his breath, checking the nearest clock for the truth. Sure enough, it was 7:15. He shoved the last piece of crispy bread into his mouth before bolting up the stairs. He had thirty minutes to get dressed and get to work. He was going to be late.

Even though it was a crummy day out, Joe let the windows down in his car, allowing the cool breeze to swirl within the vehicle. The salty air awoke his senses, keeping his mind focused on the task ahead. He was traveling over the White Cliffs of Dover, towards his recently new "job". The cliffs themselves were a wonder, hundreds of feet tall and made out of beautiful white corral and stone. He looked past the long drop at the beach far below, gazing at the expanse of water. The dark clouds made the sea look an eerie black.

It took Joe a ten-minute drive over the cliffs to reach his destination. He turned into what looked like an abandoned road, towards a abandoned lumberyard, surrounded by a chain-linked fence. The yard itself only contained one large warehouse and large piles of logs. To an untrained eye, the place was run down and forgotten.

He pulled the car forward, stopping before a wooden roadblock. The guard on duty, Roddney Holt, stepped out from a nearby post, walking slowly next to Joe's car. He stopped next to the driver side mirror and knocked on the side door.

"Hey, Joe." Rodd called out, a big toothy smile shinning. "Ready for the grind?"

"Always, Rodd." Joe handed his I.D. Pass to the elderly guard, who took the piece of plastic gladly. The guard disappeared into a shack, only to reappear a second later, his smile even wider than Joe thought possible. Rodd handed the pass back.

"You have fun down there." The roadblock raised, allowing the car to pass.

Joe smiled. "Always, Rodd."

Joe drove his car inside the warehouse. A lone guard flagged down the vehicle, directing Joe towards a downgrading tunnel at the center of

the building. The winding passageway moved gradually towards the base of the cliffs. The driver switched his headlights on, allowing some light in the ever-darkening tunnel.

He reached the base of the winding road, stopping in front of a large metal bulkhead. Joe waited, knowing what was about to take place.

"Good morning." A monotone female voice called out through hidden speakers lining the tunnel. "Please state your name and personal I.D. code."

The one listening to the command popped his head from his car. "Joe Cramsey! Code 5171708!"

A second of silence passed. "Access granted. Thank you and have a wonderful day."

"Yeah," Joe thought. "Wonderful day, indeed."

The massive door slowly rolled out of the way, allowing the employee to pass. Joe drove into a large parking lot, almost filled to the brim with other vehicles. He quickly found an empty space, wedged his car in and exited, moving towards two more doors located at the end of the room. After sliding his card through a keypad and typing in a few digits, the doors slid open.

Joe gave out a small sigh.

Aperture Sciences Dry Dock 7 was a wonder to behold. Basically, the massive concert cube embedded within the cliffs was home to hundreds of scientists, mechanics and technicians. Near the far end of the room were two, thick doors leading out to the open water, closed now in order to achieve some privacy.

Joe had been working in this under ground dock for a few months now. The pay was good, but he wasn't impressed by the benefits. But, Joe was content with a job that would support his family comfortably. Plus, he was able to do what he loved best: Repair ships for a living. Joe was one of the many ship mechanics located within the facility and hailed as the best of the bunch when it came to building things. That's why Joe took the job, to get a chance to work on large boats, similar to the single ship sitting in the middle of the dry dock. The same ship Joe had been helping repair for weeks now, Aperture's pride and joy: the Borealis.

"So, waddaya think? Yes, I'm going to give an account of what happened when the Borealis disappeared. I'll go into more detail in the next chapter, which will probably be the last one as well. :) It's a short story, but there's a point."

"I had such a hard time detailing the dock itself. I wanted some kind of secret bunker in the cliffs somewhere in the world, so I found the cliffs of Dover. Highly unlikely for a hiding spot, but it works."

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2. Chapter 2

Joe entered into the dock and walked towards the nearest office. His curiosity was soon peaked after spotting numerous workers surrounding the ship christened the Borealis. Mechanics and technicians, dangling from both sides by harnesses, now obscured the massive, red ship. Their job was to repair any minor and major cracks, scratches or rust. Sparks from hundreds of handheld sanding and welding devices cascaded from the ship's hull, illuminating both the boat and the worker's bodies in a soft glow. However, one detail worried Joe. He had never seen so many people in the dock before.

The "White coats" or scientists were busy moving to and from the Borealis, walking down planks connected to the ship's deck and the dock below. Although Joe had never scene the interior of the Borealis, he had heard stories and rumors. Supposedly, the outside was just a shell or illusion. The inside was a mass of pure white corridors and clean labs filled with amazing technologies.

Joe really didn't care. His job was to help the Borealis keep functioning and that's all he was going to think about.

As Joe approached the small office near the boat, he spotted a small table surrounded by some of his buddies. Joe walked closer, spotting cards strewn across the top of the table. Harold Whitt spotted the approaching mechanic.

"Joey!" Harold shouted, drawing the attention of the remaining guys towards Joe. "How goes it?"

Joe smiled. "It's going good. How are you guys?"

A series of soft grunts and mumbles rose from the group. The newcomer gestured at the cards.

"Shouldn't you guys be workin'?"

Roaring laughter rang out, dismissing the somewhat foolish comment. Joe shook his head out of pity for the lazy bums. He waved his goodbyes before walking away towards the office.

"Oh, Joe!" Harold called out, stopping him in his tracks. "You don't want to go in there. The boss it pretty pissed right now. He did give you a job though. You're going to be working on the port side today."

Joe frowned. "Doing what?"

"There's a crack to be filled." Harold sent a devious grin at Joe, who gave out a small groan. Filling cracks in the Borealis' hull was not a fun nor short task. But he dismissed his grumblings and moved towards the equipment shack, ready to get his day started.

Inside the Borealis

Dr. Edward Westman tried to keep his emotions at bay. Earlier this morning, he had receive dire news. An urgent meeting was called, summoned near the center of the Borealis, in one of the many beautiful conference rooms.

Around a oval shaped, mahogany conference table, each seat was occupied. Four of the head scientists in charge of the Borealis' main labs were present, along with the captain of the ship: Benjamin Stevens. Dr. Westman stood at the end of the table, his arms crossed in frustration. After making sure everyone was present and accounted for, Westman started the meeting.

"I have some upsetting news," He called out, silencing any loose conversations. "It seems that our competitors at Black Mesa have tested their teleport devise earlier this morning."

Subtle gasps could be heard from all listening. Dr. Westman continued, ignoring the soft surprise.

"Although they have initiated their test early, our informer was unable to contact us until ten minutes before it began."

Westman quickly checked his wristwatch.

"Right now, that test began an hour ago." The doctor shifted his gaze to the table. "We . . . have lost contact with our informer at Black Mesa. We've tried to reconnect with him, but have achieved nothing. The strangest part is . . . we are not receiving any radio chatter from their facility. Not even a whisper."

Dr. Westman spotted confusion between his comrades.

"This is not a good sign, gentlemen. If Black Mesa has found out that we have a man inside of their lab, we must be prepared to move the Borealis out of here at once. We cannot risk any prying eyes on this boat. Our friends will certainly try to find us, so we must act fast."

Dr. Thrash brought his eyes upon Westman.

"What of Item #3325?"

The elderly scientist's cold stare silenced Thrash.

"We have loaded that piece of equipment this morning, Dr. Thrash." Westman's voice called out, his voice thick with malice. "I'd care that you would never talk of it again, understood?"

Thrash nodded, feeling embarrassment welling up inside.

"Captain." Westman directed his gaze to Stevens. "When can we have the Borealis ready to leave the dock?"

Captain Stevens thought for a moment.

"An hour . . . maybe less."

Westman simply nodded. "Good. Get it done. That is all, gentlemen."

Along with the captain, all scientists present exited the small room, towards their new duties, leaving Westman alone. The good doctor, now in solitude, lumbered into one of the leather chairs, letting out a small grumble. Black Mesa had always been pain in his side, but this was absurd. "What," he wondered. "has happened there?"

Westman rested his hand on a COM channel atop the table, pressing the call button.

"GLaDOS?"

"_Yes, Dr. Westman?" _GLaDOS replied. "She" was the ship's A.I., also being the personal undertaker of Aperture Science's many Enrichment Centers and Docks. The Borealis' version of the advanced super computer was small compared to the main "mind" located deep within Aperture's first enrichment center, but, in theory, was connected in every way.

Still, she was an amazing achievement in the eyes of Aperture.

She was a growing Artificial Intelligence, obtaining knowledge each day, mostly in the sense of personality. GLaDOS was curious. New information was her hobby, along creating fresh ideas. But for now, she was in charge of the Borealis' many "functions", her command over the station almost total. The only man who was above authority was Weston.

"GLaDOS," Westman continued. "Is Item #3325 ready and holding?"

"_Yes, Dr. Westman!" _The system called out in a chipper voice. "_Item #3325 has been successfully integrated into the Borealis." _

"Good." The doctor breathed a sigh of relief. "It looks like we are leaving the dock soon."

A small pause caused GLaDOS to think for a second. "_Why are we leaving, Dr. Westman?" _

A small chuckle emitted from the man. She was becoming curious, asking all the obvious questions. It was starting to get, somewhat, taxing on his nerves.

"Let's just say we might be in danger."

GLaDOS could feel a small pang of fear, if what she felt could be called just that. In her "mind", survival was always a factor. If she was in danger, then panic would ensue shortly after, causing her to lose some memory or focus. Her creators had never even dreamed of GLaDOS being protective of her own personal safety. But, complications happen.

"_Are we in danger, Dr. Westman?" _

Westman sat in silence for a moment before waving at the air. "Eh, don't worry about it. It's not that serious."

GLaDOS didn't believe him, but let the subject slide, figuring that she would find out soon enough.

Westman exited the conference room, walking out into the brightly lit hallway, deep within the Borealis. Before he could walk further, a single scientist turned the corner with a crazed look on his face.

"Dr. Westman!" The younger scientist stopped, his chest heaving from the exertion of running. Through gasps, the scientist handed Westman a piece of paper. After a few seconds of reading, the paper seemed to slip from his fingers. Shock, along with horror, was painted across his face.

"My God. Is this all across the world?"

The scientist shrugged. "So far, it's spreading over America."

"Americ . . ." Westman's eyes widened. His mind raced, trying to connect the dots. "What time did this start?"

"Um, around nine o'clock."

"And where is the center of this entire phenomenon?"

"I think the center was around New Mexico."

Westman's hands ran over his face. He softly explained his deep fear.

"Black Mesa began their teleport test this morning around nine. If what you say is true, and the center of the storm is around New Mexico . . ." His voice dropped. "I believe our friends at Black Mesa have created a Resonance Cascade."

Westman watched as the young scientist's mouth opened in surprise.

"Is that even possible?"

The elder scientist didn't even answer. In a blind fury, Westman's mind raced, trying to find more evidence to this claim. He turned to the nearest COM unit lining the hallway and activated it.

"GLaDOS?"

No answer. Weston was becoming impatient with her strange behavior, which consisted sometimes of ignoring fellow scientists altogether.

"GLaDOS!"

"_Yes?_"

"Can you hack into the resource mainframe and find out if any

military, both private or hired, was sent to Black Mesa, New Mexico?"

"_Please wait."_

GLaDOS obeyed the command. Rushing through miles of hardware at speeds unknown to man, she found her way to the American Government's mainframe archives. From one glance, security was tight. A Yolt'z Firewall guarded the information in a wall of sealed code, impenetrable by any human force. To make things more challenging, "Guard Dog" programs slowly patrolled the firewall, causing GLaDOS to record the guards every move, just in case there was a weakness in their pattern.

After waiting two milliseconds, GLaDOS acted, quickly sending a "Ice-Wire" into the Firewall, instantly opening a small "hole" in the barrier. In a blink of an eye, the intruding A.I. grabbed the desired information and slipped back out the way she came, sealing the wall behind her. Just for precaution, she took the time to erase any small memory cores in the "Guard Dogs", allowing some peace of mind.

GLaDOS found her way back to the Borealis' system, her time away from home a mere four seconds.

"_Done. It seems that the American Government sent a small team of Marine Corp Special Forces to Black Mesa, New Mexico under order's from various departments in Washington D.C. Unfortunately, there is, so far, no contact from the squads. I can give you the Marine roster if you would like?"_

"No." Westman closed his eyes, knowing that this clue, along with the information provided by the spy Aperture had inside of Black Mesa, alone confirmed his suspicions. Black Mesa had caused a catastrophic Resonance Cascade, allowing hostile creatures to teleport onto earth.

Outside of Dry Dock 7, all out war between humans and extra-terrestrials was engulfing the world.

GLaDOS resumed her duty in keeping the boat under comfortable standards. However, her thoughts were dwelling on Dr. Westman's strange comments and behavior. Out of curiosity, GLaDOS decided to disobey her restrictions. She quickly hacked into one of Aperture's personal satellites, quickly finding the video feed. Tapping into the main screen, GLaDOS was able to witness the travesty that was taking place on earth.

According to her calculations, almost 43 percent of the world was engulfed in swirling black clouds, which were slowly spreading across all the continents. Green lightning randomly emitted from the clouds, along with large portal waves, rushing over the dark mist. She tried to enhance the images, but soon lost the feed and the satellite.

GLaDOS then connected with the nearest television station, turning the channel to the news station. What surprised her was the fact that all stations were out of commission and not broadcasting. Only static remained.

For the first time, she felt completely afraid. Panic slowly followed suit, along with a decision that had to be made in order to insure her own survival.

_Alright, one more chapter after this one. I had no idea I would be writing so much. This chapter just explains a bit about what was going on inside of the Borealis before it disappeared. Hope your liking it so far. _

3. Chapter 3

Captain of the Borealis, Benjamin Stevens, felt a shiver run up his spine. Dr. Westman had found him on the Command Deck of the Borealis, immediately informing of the impending invasion happening outside of the Aperture Dry Dock, sending a quake of fear into the hardened man of the sea's heart.

"Captain?" Westman called out, pulling Stevens out of a trance. "I would like this boat out of here as soon as possible."

Stevens stood in silence, still dumbstruck. After processing the command, his eyes met with Dr. Westman's.

"Of course." He whispered. "Of course. We'll have her ready in ten minutes. That's as fast as I can get the Borealis up and ready."

"Good. I will . . ."

The florescent tubes lining the small room flickered and blinked for a second before cutting off completely. As if nothing was wrong, the lights slowly activated again, cutting through the darkness. Now, Westman was the one struck with fear.

Captain Steven's quickly pressed the call button on a nearby COM unit.

"What was that!", the crazed captain shouted into the speaker.

"_Um," _The crew chief outside the Borealis replied sheepishly. "_We don't know. What happened?"_

"We had a power surge in here! Did you guys do anything to cause this?"

"_No, sir. We have no technicians working on the power supply. Nothing happened out here."_

Stevens cursed quietly. _What is going on here?_

Out of the blue, the Captain knew of a way to find out the small dilemma. He pressed the call button again.

"GLaDOS, are you there?"

Silence.

"GLaDOS? GLaDOS, respond!"

The speakers lining the room crackled. A dark female voice rang out through the static.

"_I am sorry."_

Suddenly, the tiles underneath Captain Stevens' boots started to vibrate.

Although not a big fan of heights, Joseph Cramsey dangled hundreds of feet over the black water surrounding the Borealis. His harness, tightly fitted around his waist, held two wires connected to the ship's deck a few feet above his head. Two feet in front of Joe's face was the hull, along with the crack he had been assigned to fix. The damage wasn't severe. He could have fit his fist into the small sliver, but knew this job had to be done.

Joe filled the gap with a special "Metal-concrete-expanding-foam", was what he liked to call it. Basically, his job was to stick a tube into the crack and fill it with a sticky liquid, which expanded and hardened in seconds. All Joe had to do next was smooth the edges and cover the new plug with a metal plate, which acted like a band-aid. The task took thirty minutes and was easy, compared to the other damages surrounding the Borealis.

Joe pushed back from the hull, allowing all of his limbs to go limp for relaxation. He marveled at his handiwork, making sure everything was tight. After the inspection, he nodded in satisfaction and flipped a lever located on his belt. The harness slowly pulled itself up towards the deck.

And so it started.

Joe felt something. It was gentle, but he certainly felt something. He stopped his accent, dangling in the air feely. A small vibration was tingling his whole body. Looking at his support wires, he could see the metal strings slightly moving back and forth with great speed.

What is that?

Joe couldn't hear anything, because the whole dock was on overdrive, causing a major amount of various noises.

"Hey!" He tried to shout out to anyone. "Stop! Everybody stop!"

Nobody could hear him over the deafening noise.

"Hey! You nee . . ."

A rumble sounding from the Borealis' hull cut him off, mere feet from his body. The sudden grumble faded as soon as it came. Joe focused his eyes on the rusting wall. He slowly extended his gloved hand, resting his fingers on the metal. A resounding vibration pulsed into his nerves. The shaking was definitely growing with each moment. He glanced down at the water far below. The dark liquid surrounding the ship looked as if it was jumping away from the boat.

All sound bouncing within the Dock stopped. Every mechanic, scientist and technician silenced their work, drawing their attention to the obvious pulse. Only the sound of confused murmurs between fellow workers could be heard over the growing vibration.

Joe panicked. He did not want to be on this boat any longer. What ever was making the ship quake didn't sound safe. He flipped the harness to ascend towards the deck. After reaching the railing, Joe quickly boarded the top of the Borealis and unhooked his safety belt. The mechanics assigned to the deck all stood like statues, gazing at the floor.

Joe moved towards the exit planks spanning from the deck to the Dock floor below. Before he reached the wooden bridge, the Borealis rumbled again. This time, the sound grew and the shaking turned for the worst.

In a blink of an eye, the Borealis seemed to shift to one side, causing Joe to lose his balance and fall onto his back. The ship then rolled the opposite way, groaning under the pressure. The deck shook violently under Joe's back. His teeth rattled under the relentless vibrations. Pain shot thru his body from the intense shaking. He tried to rise, but stumbled to the deck again.

The whole building seemed to shake, sending loose strands of dust from the ceiling. The once peaceful Dock turned to chaos. All the workers present tried shoving their way to safety. Amidst the riot, smaller scientists were trampled under the feet of the group and mechanics resorted to violence to push their way to an exit.

Trying to push the pain away, Joe shoved himself to his feet. The vibration nearly caused him to fall down again, but he held on to the railing. He watched as another sailor tried to do the same, but lost his footing and fell over the side, impacting against the Dock below. Other scientists on deck turned hysterical and jumped voluntarily over the side, hoping to have better chances off of the ship.

Joe, keeping his arms wrapped around the railing, tediously pulled himself towards the plank. He then hurried down the bridge, thankful to escape the dreaded ship.

The plank shifted violently, almost causing Joe to fall off. He righted himself and glanced over his shoulder.

The Borealis was now glowing. Eerie yellow stripes of energy pranced around the hull, slowly surrounding the entire mass. A glow of orange

and red emitted from the view ports and cracks pocketing the ship.

Then, the unthinkable happened.

The Borealis slowly rose from the water. Streams of loose liquid fell from the ship's underbelly, down into the pool it had been sitting in. With another groan, the ship seemed to float in the air.

The plank Joe was standing on was still connected to the ship. Joe quickly ran down the board, jumping off just in time. The Borealis pulled the bridge into the air.

The young mechanic stood in awe, watching the boat floating in the air and swirling with dark energy. He felt his hair and loose clothing being drawn to the ship. All around him, small items, such as tools and papers, were sucked into the Borealis' vortex. A sort of "shell" was developing around the hull, encasing the ship. The yellow shell was swirling and was picking up speed with each second. Something was terribly going wrong and Joe didn't want to be around when this thing "blew-up" or something.

He turned back towards the large group and ran, hoping to find an exit out of this nightmare.

Before he could take two steps, a white light engulfed the entire room.

Joe groaned as a sharp pain seared through his head.

How long have I been out?

He opened his eyes, but squinted against the harsh sunlight.

Sunlight?

Sure enough, rays from the sun were penetrating his lids. But why?

Joe tried to move his head, but found the task very difficult. Pain occupied most of his body and every move was excruciating. He lifted his head up anyways, feeling something pop in his neck. He ignored the warning and looked around the Dock.

Or what was left of it.

In one glance, Joe took in an awesome sight: Half of Dry Dock 7 was missing. One half of the room still consisted of enclosed concrete, tools, crates and offices. But the other half was simply gone. Only nature remained. The vast sea lapped against the edge, trying to lay claim to the rest of the room. The sun was in full view, sending it's warmth down on Joe. He could even smell the salt now. He slowly turned his head around, trying to spot any survivors.

Debris and rubble covered most of the dock, also floating in the sea. Mutilated bodies of fellow assistance lay strewn all over the place. And the Borealis . . .

The Borealis . . .

The Borealis was gone.

Joe rested his head back down in frustration and fatigue. The Borealis had caused all this carnage and was now missing. The fallen mechanic felt rage within him, but didn't dwell on his emotion for too long.

He shifted his weight, turning his head towards his left arm. To his horror, the arm was gone. His exposed shoulder was now freely pouring blood, causing a warm crimson pool to develop next to his body. The shock of the situation slowly seeped in. Joe turned his head to it's original position, staring at the sky. He knew this was it. Life was over. As the cold darkness slowly crept up his body, a familiar face flashed into his mind.

"Alli" He whispered as light faded from his eyes.

_I'm done! Don't worry, I'll go back and change the grammar and spelling problems sometime in the future. But besides the mistakes, I hope you enjoyed it! Please review if you have time. :) _

_P.S. This story is really a prologue to my next fiction. _

End
file.